to the edge and over with you

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6761296.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Blow Jobs, Oral Sex, Will Graham's Massive Cock, Hannibal Lecter's Unquenchable Thirst
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Hannigram Tumblr Prompts
Collections:	Sub!Hannibal, Top Will/Bottom Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-06 Words: 2,197 Chapters: 1/1

to the edge and over with you

by peacefrog

Summary

The bulge at the front of Will's trousers was tantalizing and obscene. In the ill-fitting slacks he had always worn to their appointments, Hannibal never took much notice of what Will was or was not packing below the belt. Now, it was near impossible to tear his eyes away.

Will tossed his jacket down on the chaise and stood near the light of the window. Hannibal summoned every ounce of his self control to keep his heart rate low and his breathing steady and even. Will had his hands on his hips, pelvis jutting out ever-so slightly, his new trousers more tailored than anything Hannibal had seen him in before.

Hannibal took his seat but Will remained standing, talking about a case as he rocked back on his heels. Hannibal tried to listen, he truly did, but the way Will's hips pressed forward as he arched his back unraveled Hannibal in a manner that required all his concentration to remain outwardly perfectly at ease.

The bulge at the front of Will's trousers was tantalizing and obscene. In the ill-fitting slacks he had always worn to their appointments, Hannibal never took much notice of what Will was or was not packing below the belt. Now, it was near impossible to tear his eyes away.

The front of Will's pants shifted and swayed as he walked over to take his seat. Hannibal imagined he had to be quite large fully erect to show so much completely soft through layers of fabric. Hannibal kept his eyes on Will's face once he was seated, but his mind remained firmly fixated on what rested down between his legs.

—

Their next several appointments went quite the same. Will had developed a habit of standing or pacing the room for the first half an hour, and Hannibal wasn't about to stop him. The jut of his cock and balls through his pants seemed to grow larger with every passing day. Hannibal began to wonder if he was blatantly putting himself on display with the way he angled his pelvis and popped out his hips. Either way, he seemed oblivious to Hannibal's increasing inability to keep from gawking at him openly and unashamed.

Will Graham was a mouthful, that much Hannibal knew for sure. He wondered if he would even be too much for Hannibal himself to take. The thought made desire flare hot inside his veins. He couldn't hide the blush that crept across his face and down the sides of his neck. He couldn't help the way his heart leapt inside his chest at the thought of wrapping his lips around Will right there in front of the open window, all of Baltimore standing witness.

—

Lying bare beneath the sheets, Hannibal took his aching cock into his hand. He slicked himself with lube and began to stroke from root-to-tip, slow and methodical in the way he teased his cock head and reached down to massage his balls.

He took two fingers from his free hand and pressed them against his bottom lip, stretching his mouth open as he fucked his fist in even, steady thrusts. He could practically taste Will on his tongue, feel the weight of him sliding, velvet and smooth, right down his eager throat. He pressed the fingers into his mouth and sucked, then added a third as he began to fuck his mouth with them, spit dribbling down his chin.

Hannibal lost himself to pure, carnal lust as he probed his mouth with his own thick digits, biting down on them nearly hard enough to draw blood as he came, Will's name a strangled sob pulling up from his throat.

—

The next day, Hannibal was less focused than he had ever been, none of the words out of Will's mouth registering as he imagined Will pinning him to the rug and pressing the thick head of his cock in between his hungry lips. He wondered just how deep down he could take something so big. His gag reflex was minimal, if existent at all, but he had never performed oral sex on a man that was anything more than slightly above average.

The thought of being overpowered and taken apart terrified and thrilled him at once. All things he was entirely unaccustomed to experiencing. Will Graham pulled at the stitchings of everything Hannibal had known himself to be. His control was utterly lost to bone-deep, mouth-watering hunger and need.

He was licking his lips, caught in a trance, his own cock a dull throb between his legs, when suddenly the bulge he had been staring at across the room was moving nearer and nearer to his face. Before he knew what was happening, Will was standing at his toes, gazing down at him with a sly smirk on his face.

"You know, Dr. Lecter, it's impolite to stare." Will's hand crept down palm at himself through his slacks. "If you'd like to take a closer look, all you have to do is ask."

"Please, pardon my rudeness," Hannibal said, eyes flicking between Will's face and the hand that was working his belt buckle loose. "Certainly you will understand the distraction you have posed these past several weeks."

"Yes," Will said, "I've seen you staring. And I can't say I wasn't enjoying it. But I'm tired of playing games."

Hannibal's cock began to thicken and ache. It curved and pressed uncomfortably against his zipper. He straightened his back and clasped his hands tightly in his lap. "What are you proposing, Will?"

Will popped the button at his fly. "Do you like sucking cock, Dr. Lecter?"

"When the mood strikes, although it's not an act I engage in often."

"And how does the mood strike you now?"

Hannibal shucked his jacket off and draped it across the table at his side. "It strikes me that I'd very much like for you to continue."

Will took two calculating steps back. He was half hard, and as he unzipped his fly the fabric of his boxers tented out in a way that nearly caused Hannibal to whimper. "On your knees."

The hardwood of the floor bit into Hannibal's knees as he dropped down out of the chair. He rolled up his sleeves with hands he did quite well to keep from shaking. He loosened his tie a

little at the throat and tilted back his head, watching Will's fingers as they teased along the waistband of his pants.

"You've never struck me as the type to so willingly give up control," Will said. "You must be really desperate for it."

Hannibal inhaled deep, Will's arousal spilling into him and amplifying his own. He teetered on the edge of a sensation that was entirely foreign, nervous excitement and anticipation filling him to the brim. His cock was so hard it made his vision blur around the edges.

"You've also never been one to be at a loss for words." Will's face shone with amusement as he shoved his pants down around his knees. His boxers remained sitting low on his hips, the thick line of his cock jutting out in a way Hannibal hardly believed such thin material could actually contain. "Tell me what you want, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal's throat was dry as he swallowed. His tongue darted out but did little good to wet his lips. "You," he managed to croak. His voice was a thing he barely recognized as his own.

"You're going to need to be a bit more specific." Will gripped his shaft through his underwear, the weight and thickness of it apparent in the way his fingers stretched. "What part of me do you want? Use your words. I know you have them."

Poetry strained against Hannibal's tongue, but not a single word wanted to come out. Hannibal had travelled the world, witnessed wonders and works of art brought to life by the greatest masters to ever live. Michelangelo himself could not create a more ideal or breathtaking masterpiece than what stood before him. Nothing could compare to the beauty of Will Graham with his trousers bunched around his knees, palming at the length of himself through the thin barrier of his boxer shorts.

"Say it," Will commanded, breaching the waistband of his shorts, gripping himself where Hannibal could not see. The fabric shifted as Will blindly stroked. "Say it or I'll get off just like this. I'll never let you see it. I'll never let you touch."

Hannibal swallowed down a sharp swell of pride. "I wish nothing more than to taste you." English felt too heavy on his tongue, his accent nearly choking out the words.

"What do you want to taste?" Will pulled his hand from his shorts. He ghosted his fingertips near Hannibal's face. Drops of pre-come glistened there.

Hannibal's mouth twitched in a threatening snarl. He flicked his tongue past his lips and reached for Will's wrist, but Will pulled back before Hannibal could ensnare him. Will sucked the fingers into his mouth and moaned, teasing and obscene.

"Your cock," Hannibal purred out, digging his fingertips into the meat of his own thighs. "I want to taste your cock."

"Mmm," Will hummed, slipping his thumbs down into his waistband. "That wasn't so hard, now was it?"

In one swift motion Will's boxers joined his pants to pool down near the floor. His cock sprang free and thwacked against his belly. Hannibal's tongue tingled and his mouth flooded with desire at the sight. Will's rigid erection was shining and thick, pink head peeking out from his perfectly intact foreskin. Hannibal had never desired to wrap his lips around anything more.

"Open wide, Dr. Lecter." Will stepped forward and gripped Hannibal's hair by the crown. "Do you want me to fuck your mouth?"

Hannibal nodded and moaned, jaw hanging slack as Will dragged his cock head across his bottom lip. He wanted to wrap his fingers around Will's shaft and get a true feel for just what he was about to take, but his desire to be claimed by such a thing of beauty won out as he remained perfectly pliant and still.

"You're gonna want to relax now." Will groaned and pressed forward with his hips, breaching Hannibal's glistening lips.

Hannibal shuddered as his jaw stretched to accommodate Will's girth, just the head dragging across the heat of his tongue enough to make his own cock thrum and leak in his pants. Will popped out and pulled back his foreskin, pressing the swollen head back into Hannibal's mouth with a deep, rumbling groan.

Will thrust forward with a snap of his hips and Hannibal felt all the air punched out of him. Barely half his length fit into Hannibal's mouth, the swell of his cock head barely breaching Hannibal's throat and proving to him, once and for all, that his gag reflex very much did exist. Will pulled out to let Hannibal catch his breath, a line of slick spit hanging from his bottom lip. When he pushed back in again, Hannibal sputtered and choked.

"Not as up for this challenge as you'd thought, huh Dr. Lecter?" Will fucked across Hannibal's tongue with minute twitches of his hips. His fingers dug into Hannibal's scalp and tugged roughly as his hair.

Hannibal found he didn't mind the sensation of being gagged so rough. The way his balls tightened against his body and he soaked right through his underwear to his pants said he actually quite enjoyed it. He pulled air in deep through his nose, wishing Will would push him to the floor and force his throat open with punishing thrusts. The need to breathe was suddenly secondary to his need to feel Will as deep inside himself as he possibly could.

Will pulled back from nudging at his throat until just the head of him remained sealed by Hannibal's lips. "Suck," he said, thumbing at the hollow of Hannibal's cheeks.

Hannibal suckled and slurped, swirling his tongue across Will's slit and lapping at the pre-come that leaked at an increasingly steady rate. He palmed at himself through his pants as Will threw his head back, the long line of his throat exposed, his Adam's apple bobbing with every audible moan.

"Do you want me to come in your mouth?" Will gasped as Hannibal continued to pleasure his cock head. "Just nod for me."

Hannibal nodded as tears prickled in his eyes. Will gripped his face and bucked his hips a half dozen times, just barely sliding into Hannibal's throat as he faltered and his cock began to jerk, warm spurts of come spilling out and slicking across Hannibal's tongue.

The sharp taste of Will was all it took to send Hannibal writhing beneath his hand. He came all over himself, trapped inside his pants, choking out his pleasure as Will's half hard cock slipped from his lips.

Will fell to his knees and lapped at Hannibal's mouth, stealing bits of his own release onto his tongue. "Our hour is up," he said, breathless, "and I need to get home to my dogs."

"Of course," Hannibal said, straightening his tie and attempting to slick back his messy, ruined hair, "I wouldn't want to keep you."

"I'll see you Monday, Dr. Lecter." Will's eyes shined wickedly as he grinned. There was something feral and unchained swirling behind his gaze.

Hannibal's entire body buzzed in heady anticipation "7:30 sharp," he said, closing his eyes as Will pressed a soft kiss to the corner of his mouth.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!